

Big Night

Cool For August

Big nights are black and blue, they get cold and they get wet
They calling out for you, like no one you've ever met
No one dreams in the hours around me
The more I lose, the more you'll find me
I lose track with every kiss, we shouldn't be isolated by this

Yeah, you're my friend, and when we're lost I'll still
Hold your hand
Revealing white when the shadows fail
And any shadow that you can name
I'll be the shadow of your name...

Hold the prize close to your heart
Prizes made for those who fail
Hold the prize away from you, so maybe you can hold me as well
Time peels off your statued skin, I'll still be fooled by what
remains
And whatever's left of you, you'll be my dream

Yeah, you're my friend, and when we're drunk I'll still
Hold your hand
Revealing white when the shadows fail
And any shadow that you can name
I'll be the shadow of your name...